

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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When curiosity seeks by prying and spying to discover some secret dear to Nature's heart, she finds that "Knowledge comes but Wisdom lingers," and admits that the little which is withheld exceeds the much that is given.

The *Christian Register* well says "a college education should give a young man something more than a grip on the oar and the base ball bat; it should give him a grip on life. Power of muscle is not to be despised, but above all things let us have power of mind and heart."

The *New Church Life* says that "fiction was the first mode of literary composition. The wisdom of the ancients was embodied in fictitious narratives, all other styles being considered dull and spiritless." Would this paper agree with one of our correspondents concerning the ten great novels mentioned elsewhere, whose list contained the following: "Old Testament; authors uncertain"?

A contributor to the *Advance*, speaking of the late James Baldwin Brown, the great Congregationalist minister of England, says: "I never quite saw how he saved himself from pure Universalism, but he did." What if he had not? Would it have been a great calamity? For ourselves we prefer to be caught in the toils of an eternal hope, rather than to be sustained by a faith in the doctrine of eternal despair.

The *Current* begins its second volume with the issue of July the 1st with its type enlarged one size. This is a step towards correcting the only defect in its mechanical construction, and we believe it will find it necessary to change it still another size as a concession to that maturity of judgment that so often comes only with the obscurity of vision. In these days there is no occasion for a paper to boast of

the quantity of matter it presents, but rather of its quality. The *Current* has set for itself a high standard in this latter direction. May it have continued encouragement and increasing popularity.

The *Dayspring* for July prints in full the first of Mr. Gannett's series of articles entitled "In Jesus' Home," now in course of publication in *UNITY*, number four of which is, from press of matter, crowded out of our columns in this issue, but will appear in our next. The same number of the *Dayspring* contains a musical setting of Mr. Gannett's beautiful hymn, "The Lord is in His Holy Place," by the editor, Mr. Spaulding.

Many of our readers will share with us a personal sorrow over the death of Mr. Nathan Stevens, of St. Louis. For more than ten years he has been one of the trustees of the Church of the Messiah and one of the most intelligent and best followers of the liberal cause in that city. A man of most genial spirit, he lived a life of rare probity, filled with friendship and good deeds. Seldom are such men appreciated when living, and poorly are they remembered when dead.

We have been reminded that the name of Rev. C. K. Gibson, recently recognized in the Unitarian fellowship, who now resides at Lamont, Mich., does not appear in the list of Western laborers published in our issue of June 1st. The omission was by no means intentional, and we trust those of our readers who have preserved that number for future reference will interline his name in the proper place, and that ere long we may be able to record his settlement in our midst.

If people would only heed the old adage and "be satisfied with what they possess," it would not be long ere their "winter of discontent" would be changed into the summertime of willing hearts and smiling faces. Yet while giving heed to this half of the truth they must remember the other maxim and "never be content with what they are," so that the next time their good ship steams out of the harbor in which they have been lazily anchored, it may carry their fortunes outward and forward.

It has been said that suspicions are defects of the brain and not of the heart. As purely mental growths they are capable of being uprooted and exterminated, leaving the heart unspoiled by their noxious influences. The nourishment that has hitherto sustained them can be appropriated to the development of trust in friends and ready faith in others. Sweet spontaneous earnestness and trust will lead the thoughts from the common level of doubt and suspicion up to Faith's summit, which is tinged with the radiance of heavenly light. The rich inheritance of youth thus becomes ours, and the early dreams of a life that may be made more pure are crystallized into reality. The decision

as to whether it is better to be over-credulous or over-suspicious is thus stated by Browning:

"There is but one way to browbeat this world,
Dumbfounder doubt, and repay scorn in kind,—
To go on trusting, namely, till faith move mountains."

In last week's *Christian Register* N. P. Gilman speaks of Mr. Blake's "Unity Festivals" as an "admirable supplement to 'Unity Services and Songs.'" "It is distinguished," he says, "by the same high quality of music, the same freedom from mere childish tone, the same strong and beautiful conception of religion. * * * It would be easy to use very strong language of eulogy after a few minor criticisms were made of 'Unity Services.' But from these criticisms Mr. Blake's new book is quite free."

Truth is a plant indigenous to all natures, but one requiring considerable digging about and watering to thrive well in any. If there is a lack of genial cultivation in the early stages of its existence, it dies or else grows so stunted and dwarfed that it is even less attractive than weeds themselves. But if it is carefully watched and tended it increases in beauty and strength until it is able to endure, uninjured, the winds of temptation, and, with its brilliant white blossoms of purity, remains "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Maj. E. A. Burke, of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, presented to the National Democratic Convention, by request of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, its memorial for Constitutional prohibition, with signatures representing forty-eight states and territories. The memorial was referred to the committee on resolutions—and of course nothing more was heard from it. Still the mere fact that such a memorial was received is significant. The temperance reform is making rapid advances, and political parties can not afford much longer to ignore it.

That must have been a touching incident in the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of Rev. John Chadwick's settlement over his Brooklyn parish, when, unexpected and unsolicited, the venerable Dr. Farley arose to confess with what distrust he had viewed the radical tendencies of the society in its earlier days, but how different were his present feelings. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," had been to him an inspiration to an ever-broadening liberality of fellowship. In olden times *young men* prophesied and saw visions, but more glorious is the inspiration of these days, that teaches the hoary heads that prophetic courage which trusts the present and believes in the future.

Edwin D. Mead, in the *Register* of the 3d inst., tells of entering a Unitarian church in the vicinity of Boston, where to his surprise he heard the choir singing the full Trinitarian *Te Deum*, where Jesus is spoken of as the "only son," "born of a virgin" and "redeeming by his precious blood," etc. We fear that this or something like it is constantly going on in our churches. We recently heard of one of our most radical churches where the cultivated choir is allowed to display its accomplishments by singing the *Ave Maria* in Latin. All this represents the mock estheticism that emasculates the will and confuses the

judgment. The refinement that so enjoys "good music," even when it is wedded to what the reason pronounces to be an error, is "culchah," not culture, and the sooner we sweep it out of our churches the sooner will our Unitarian churches become clothed with that terrible earnestness that will enable them to give some worthy embodiment to the highest religious tendencies of our age.

The three things that best enable us to escape failure through weak endeavors are, something to love, something to worship, and something to hope for. The human heart has claims and yearnings that must be satisfied ere either brain or hand can put forth its best efforts to attain success. The human soul must draw near by worship to the Divine soul ere we can reach the hill-tops of endeavor. When our eager anticipations have been realized, when we have seized the far-reaching line of thought we grasped after and have nothing more to dream of or hope for, then life sinks into the dreary shades of discontent and murmuring.

"Is not hope sweeter than fruition is?
Can promise ripen into richer bliss?
'Good Time, be merciful; we ask but this.'"

We were much interested in reading Brother Judy's communication to the Iowa Conference on the "Post-office Mission," which appears in another column, and commend it to the careful study of those of our readers who believe in the potency of our ideas and are persuaded that they are some day to become regnant in the hearts of the American people. Heretofore we have looked anxiously to the women for the expected impulse and sustained judgment that would develop the possibilities of this unique missionary work. Our hopes thus far have been largely centered in Miss Ellis and Mrs. Fayette Smith, of Cincinnati, Mrs. Cole, of Mt. Pleasant, Miss McCaine, of St. Paul, and the few others who are trying to learn of them and work with them. But at last the sisters are to be congratulated on finding one brother who has time, consecration and faith enough to plan with them and for them. We hope and believe that Brother Judy has just begun his work, and trust that he will accept the Post-office portfolio and become the Postmaster-General of the liberal faith in the West. Let us not be distrustful of small things in these days, for we are living in a time full of Messianic possibilities.

"Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day."

W. S. Kennedy, in a recent number of the *Index*, calls attention in a pointed way to some of the limitations and defects of the ethical culture movement as expounded by Messrs. Salter, Adler and others. He says:

It does not permit us to rise into the realm of the absolute; we are not to contemplate the head, the intellect, the centre of the power that is in us, but only look at its hands, viz.: ourselves.
* * * It will not last. It is not bottomed on the universe, but only a part of the universe. * * * We want room overhead, infinite space for growth, infinite reverence.

With Mr. Kennedy we prize highly the friendship of these men and have great admiration for their spirit, and would fain emulate their earnestness of purpose and singleness of aim; but also with Mr. Kennedy we believe that the soul of man cannot permanently turn away from the infinite realities out of which it sprung. Humanity is great, but there is that which is greater than humanity, whose children men and women are, and to try to keep all

thoughts of the beginning and the end—and to use Mr. Salter's own admirable phrase, "the eternal purpose" that connects the one with the other—out of ethics, is like trying to cross the Atlantic without recognizing trade-winds or gulf-stream, trusting nothing but the helm and the all-important inside machinery. Lost is he that is negligent of these, but a poor sailor is he also who does not perpetually feel himself in league with those.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers in this issue an interesting communication from Dr. Samuel Davidson of London, concerning "Old Testament Exposition in England." The opinion of this eminent Biblical scholar, than whom no one is more competent to speak on the subject he deals with, will receive its due appreciation at the hands of our readers. We are sure they will do all in their power to give it circulation. Pending the publication of a series of shorter "UNITY MISSION" tracts into which in due time we hope this article of Dr. Davidson will find its way, we will print extra slips of the article for the immediate use of our subscribers. The communication was accompanied with the following kindly note to the editor, which inasmuch as it contains a "God Speed" to our fellow-laborers as well as ourselves we take the liberty of printing:

14 BELSIZE CRESCENT, LONDON, June 27, 1884.

To the Editor of UNITY:

DEAR SIR:—I send you the brief paper enclosed, thinking you may find it suitable to your valuable paper. It is made short on purpose. Mr. Burnham of Batavia has kindly sent me several of your papers, among them that of May 16, and I have to express my thanks for your insertion of my belief in it. May the blessing of God rest upon you and your fellow-laborers.

I am yours sincerely,

SAMUEL DAVIDSON.

A correspondent sends us an earnest controversial article on the "Leadership of Christ," in which he joins in the apprehensions concerning Western Unitarians, making the usual loose charge that "some of them are accustomed to speak in higher terms of praise and honor of such men as Confucius, Socrates, Seneca, Darwin, Spencer, Haeckel and Huxley than they do of Christ." The article is accompanied by a private note admitting that he sends the communication "as a kind of test of the freedom which your free religious paper allows to its subscribers and readers." It is accompanied with a year's conditional subscription: "If your paper is open and free to all manly Christian discussion, you are at liberty to send it to me for one year, but if it is narrow and sectarian will you be kind enough to return my communication and the money?" We promptly returned the money, saying that we could not afford to bind ourselves even to be free and manly for a year for a dollar and a half, but we gladly put him upon the free list that he might judge for himself of our spirit and purpose. We will also after mature deliberation return the communication, not because we are afraid of free discussion or unwilling to encourage the frankest statement of the greatest diversity of opinion, but because we think we can make better use of our columns than to burden them with the commonplaces of theological polemics, particularly with such communications as have an itching for controversy, and have a touch of that unfairness to an opponent's opinions, that has for so many centuries been the bane of theology. UNITY was started with a very clear purpose and a frank avowal of a very specific aim, and the only reward we have received or expect from our labors for it is the satisfaction that it has done some-

thing towards making its name and motto a felt and intelligible force in the limited field given it. Our correspondent tells us that he does not understand either our name or our motto, which is proof to us that our work is not done. We like study but not controversy. We seek fellowship but not uniformity. We rejoice in a diversity of opinions when frankly held and believe that character becomes the more noble for this. Free speech does not mean unlimited speech, and a paper that undertakes to advance the interests of free discussion and free press by printing everything or anything, will soon become one of the papers which the world can afford to do without. With highest reverence for the transcendent leadership of the man Jesus, we find ourselves one in spirit with our correspondent and many others who find themselves at variance with our methods and our words. We give full credit to the sincerity and weight of our friend's thoughts.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of July 2d contains a suggestive article to the good friends of religion who are so prompt to champion the cause of economy in matters of church on account of the "hard times," while the pleasures and indulgences of society are allowed to go on without economic checks. No money this year for missionary work, but still money for the opera, the excursion and the driving park. The financiering of the presiding elder in the following extract has in it true piety as well as practical sagacity:

How few men plow, and sow, and reap, and mow, and spin, and weave for God. God's noblemen need to wheel into line and step to the music of getting God's gold, and silver, and other precious things out of the hands of the enemy and put them into the hands of God, so that he can carry out his purposes. The world is suffering to-day for the want of misappropriated means. The dark spots of the planet would soon be made bright and beautiful by the proper use of God's money. The man who plows, and sows, and reaps, and mows, sells goods, steers a vessel, runs a train, or builds a house to make money for God, is just as truly in the line of duty as the man who preaches, or writes, or prays.

The official members at a poor appointment on a poor circuit complained that they were too poor to pay the amount apportioned. The presiding elder saw that they meant retrenchment. After a spirited discussion among themselves, he said: "Brethren, I know that times are hard, but, Bro. A., can't you plant a few rows of potatoes for the Lord's cause? Bro. B., can't you plant a thousand shingles for the Lord's cause?" And to a godly sister who was present, he said: "Sister, can't you set a hen for the Lord's cause, and won't you see that others do the same?" The proposition, after a good hearty laugh, was agreed to, and I need only say that that class paid its apportionment and had a surplus in the treasury.

Cuvier in his boyhood was fond of dissecting spiders with rusty nails. Linnæus as a child was passionately fond of flowers, and, ere he could talk plain, discoursed of his favorites in baby jargon. Benjamin West, when but "seven times one," appropriated the tip of pussy's tail as a paint brush, and with this and some red ink of his own manufacture, he executed a very creditable portrait of his infant niece. Bayard Taylor, while nominally hoeing corn and pulling purslane and twitch-grass from his bean patch on the farm at Kennett, was really visiting Europe, following up the sources of the Nile, or exploring the Eldorado of the West. Napoleon's boyish thoughts were all of soldiers, guns and battles, while Mozart's ran to music and he played pieces of his own composition at the early age of four years. Thus sometimes early does genius manifest itself.

Contributed and Selected.

TO ———.

I read her verses rare,
As delicate and spare
As tendrils; beautiful and bright and blithe,
Like grapes and wine and girls and song-birds lithe;
Solemn and sweet and slow
As a nimbus sunset glow.

I said, If so it be,
I hope sometime to see
The woman who stored up for me this light.
One answered, She embalms the day at night:
She is a farmer's wife,
Living a hand-toil life.

We met: few words: at last
I said, The time is past,
Good-bye. Then laid she in my hand her hand.
It was as rugged as a cable strand,
Firm, forcible and strong,
And labor-hardened long.

A shock of song that touch
Shot through me: O, not such
As her sweet lines had breathed on me before:
A martial lay of strength that strode me o'er;
An epic, and no less,
Of simple faithfulness.

Poets, sweet, tender, rare,
As delicate and spare
As tendrils, beautiful and blithe and bright,
Ye cannot equal in your wildest flight,
With powers of sea and land,
The poem in that hand.

J. V. BLAKE.

OLD TESTAMENT EXPOSITION IN ENGLAND.

The criticism of the Old Testament is in a state of transition at the present time with respect to important questions affecting the sacred books. Essential differences of opinion prevail not only between German and Dutch theologians, but among the former themselves. Graf and Wellhausen, with their associate Kuenen, throw a good part of the Old Testament into late, especially post-exile, times; and the comparative novelty of these views has attracted disciples among younger men in different countries, who are eager to announce their independence of veteran scholars like Gesenius, Ewald and DeWette. On the other hand, a goodly number of notable men, including Nöldeke, Schrader, Dillmann, and Strack, hesitate to accept conclusions contrary to what they regard as truth. In this case there has been some precipitancy which needs to be checked. The questions at issue are not settled to the satisfaction of sober critics. It is well to pause and inquire before enthusiastic admirers of Kuenen and Wellhausen overwhelm the public with their arguments and their dogmatism.

A large work on the Old Testament, intended it is said for English readers, has lately been completed in five portly

volumes under Episcopal editorship. Clergymen of the Church of England, and a few Nonconformists, are the commentators. What its character is, may be inferred from a few specimens. Verily the rational interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures has advanced but little among the churches called evangelical. Certain things are now settled by fair criticism and common sense, for example: Moses did not write the Pentateuch. The earliest written part of it, the Elohist or ground-document, was not prior to the Kingly period; while the Deuteronomist followed the Elohist and Jehovist. The book of Daniel appeared in Maccabean time. Balaam's ass did not speak Hebrew or any other oriental language. Balaam's prophecies did not come into the hands of the Israelites from the Pagan seer, but are the utterances of an inspired Israelite put into the mouth of a non-Israelite. The book of Job is of non-Mosaic origin; and Elihu's speeches are considerably later than the rest. Psalm 72 is non-Messianic. The sun did not stand still; the passage in which it is said to stop being a poetical one from the book of Jasher. Proverbs chap. i-ix were not written by Solomon; nor even the whole of x-xxii, 16. The book of Ezra was not written by himself; nor that of Nehemiah by him whose name it bears. The book of Esther is not historical. Zechariah consists of several parts written at times considerably apart, not all by the prophet himself. The days of creation in Genesis are ordinary days. The real Samuel did not appear to Saul when the latter visited the Witch of Endor.

These established results are contradicted in the bulky commentary, the outcome of twenty-two contributors, of whom one is an American. It is easy for the bishop of Gloucester at the head of his labourers to proclaim that Scripture not merely *contains* but *is* the word of God; but it is difficult to make common sense accept the dictum. Is Deuteronomy xxiii, 12-13 the word of God?

SAMUEL DAVIDSON.

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.—II.

To begin with there is the account of the Creation. How shall we read it? There may be some difficulties in catching the thought of it. But how immensely have those difficulties been enhanced by trying to bring them into harmony with modern thought. Nothing in literature is more popular, or, taken part by part, addresses itself more readily to the feeling and fancy of even the unlettered and simple; otherwise we may safely say it would never have reached us, to stand in the place it does—coming we know not from what distant ages, from mouth to mouth—appealing so quickly to the ear and memory and reverence of the people. It was clear enough till men began to speculate. And now forsooth, we are asked to perform the bewildering task of reading into it all the facts of all the sciences. In short, we are to do no less miracle than to *create the world* according to the exact order of present philosophy, according to the received theories of chemistry and geology and astronomy, in harmony with the latest discoveries in philology, and natural history and social science—before we can devoutly and joyfully read or adequately understand this simple poem or legend or cosmogony of a pious but rude antiquity. This method not only makes the Bible narratives a profound puzzle, removing them far out of the reach of the masses of uncultivated men, but it takes them away from the scholar too. He may have left a collection of ancient

writings to speculate over—a curious field for etymological or ethnological or some other form of scientific research; but he will have no Bible—no sacred book of spiritual experience, of fear and struggle and despair, of joy and hope and faith and triumph.

There is the word "*day*" in the first chapter of Genesis; how much learning has been expended on it—volumes written to destroy that charming simplicity of the story—to prove that "*day*" does not mean day at all, but period or something else. Since Joseph Mede in the 17th century, interpreters have been in the habit of saying that the "*days*" in Daniel and the Apocalypse mean "*years*." Now, in the reign of the solar myth, we are told that a year may mean a day. Enoch was 365 years old when God took him; of course this cannot be so; but Enoch is synonymous with the solar year of 365 days—and an ascension into heaven is everywhere a favorite figure of the Sun myth. So there is no more trouble in making a year mean a day, than in making a day mean a year or a geological epoch. In the quarrel of Cain and Abel we are not to understand two children of the first human pair striving for the mastery, with fatal result, followed by retribution and a conscience wrung with remorse; but we are to read therein the conflict of a higher with a lower civilization, the war of the agriculturists with the nomads; or else it is the victorious power of the shining sun over the dark and cloudy sky. Abraham sacrificing Isaac, is Night overpowering the Day. Canaan is the solar-land—flowing with milk and honey, i. e., rich with the light of sun and moon. Jacob is the starry heaven; and the twelve sons are twelve constellations or heavenly bodies revolving there. The brazen serpent of the wilderness, what was it, explained mythically, but an invocation to the God Tuphon, to turn away the fiery sirocco and assuage the deadly drought and thirst of the Arabian desert? Do not even the negroes of Virginia hang up snakes to bring rain when the fields are parched and dry? Or to rationalize it with Hoffman, it was only a colossal rod of Æsculapius raised up so high that all could see the symbol of the art of healing standing like a sign-post over the camp-hospital, to show where those who were bitten could be brought for treatment. Or we may moralize with Ewald saying that up to this time in the history of the Hebrew people, the serpent had stood for evil and harm. In this account the serpent form is presented deprived of the power to hurt, impaled as the trophy of a conqueror, and so by asserting that evil, physical and spiritual, have been overcome, the weak faith of the Israelites is strengthened. Or we may allegorize with Justin and Cyril and the multitude of commentators since, and say it was a type of the crucified Christ, a prefiguring of the incarnation which was to heal and save humanity. But does any intelligent man suppose that any of these meanings was present to him who told the story of the Hebrews stricken for their sins under the ragged peaks of Mount Hor? Or to those who heard it as part of the painful history of the desert march? To show what a narrative was in its undeveloped conditions, or what it came to mean in an altogether changed and higher state of culture, to show its reason or its *unreason*, is not interpretation as we have agreed to understand it. It is dogmatism.

Refer to the New Testament. Take the legends of the infancy of Jesus. What were men *capable* of believing? What *did* they believe when these accounts first fell upon the ears and won the credence and touched the hearts and warmed the faith of the early Chris-

tians? Shall we cease to read or enjoy these stories, or participate in the life of them, because we live in the strictly scientific age of the 19th century? Has it come to this, that we cannot enjoy a rose without dissolving it into its primitive gases or elements? That we are distracted when we look at a painting or a statue, thinking all the while of the chemistry of color, or the processes of the retorts? There is the miracle of the feeding of the 5,000. Olshausen says we are to understand it as the acceleration of a natural process. That which usually takes place in three-quarters of a year—the increase of bread and the growth of fishes—here took place in a few minutes, in the hands of Jesus and the disciples. Paulus says that Jesus and the twelve offering to share with the great multitude their scanty store, so affected the selfish (but really well supplied) Jews, that they were moved to generosity; the rich gave to the poor and there were baskets full to spare. The author of "*Philo-Christus*" considers it all a parable or allegory on a favorite expression, "*the Bread of Life*." That is, the multitude was so large that it was divided into companies to which each of the disciples preached, so that all were satisfied, and there was abundance of the word left over to minister to others. Giving expositors even greater difficulty, there is the possession of devils—demons of deafness, dumbness, lameness, divination and disease: a legion of devils—2,000 at least, in one man: seven, in Mary Magdalene.

But the question of right interpretation is not how we look upon these things—but how did the people of those times believe? Of more importance are the accounts of the Resurrection. What almost infinite pains has been bestowed on this subject to reconcile the conflicting statements to make it rational in the light of this theory or that. Did the disciples see Jesus again in the same body which was nailed to the cross and laid in the tomb; or in another and a glorified body, or in no body at all? And loaded down with all the inventions and physical discoveries of our times, and the endless record of apparitions in all times, we set about scrutinizing with microscopic exactness every word and text of the gospel page. What is the result? We cease to be interpreters and become philosophers. We bring difficulties where there were none before. We raise a thousand speculative questions, peculiar to our age, undreamt of by the New Testament writers. We are troubled at plain violations of natural law; at inconsistencies of statement; but were *they* so troubled at such things, the unschooled followers of Jesus—those who first thought of gathering together all that they knew or had heard, of the blessed Master? On the contrary the evangelists, like many a humble, pious reader of to-day, found no stone of stumbling in the statement that Jesus went in and out of closed doors—even though it was the same body that bore the cross, or exhibited the wounds, or ate broiled fish and honey-comb. It never occurred to them as to Dr. Furness following Paulus, that the angels at the tomb were only the cast-off bandages of burial seen in the twilight of the morning. The meaning of the language as it stands is plain and easy enough. And I do not know any more effective method of doing away with the Bible, than by substituting our thought ~~for~~ the thought of the writer, or our difficulties for the plain sailing of the disciples.

JOHN C. LEARNED.

Unity is an advanced sentiment of toleration—points no daggers in any direction, to elbow others from off the sidewalk of human life.—*Universalist Herald*.

SEED-TIME.

Thine aspiration is not lost
Because thy weakness swift appears,—
Because thou did'st not know its cost,
And water'st it with bitter tears.

Still is thy wish a greater good
Divinely planted in thy heart,
Though, like the foliage of the wood,
Its outer grace seems slow to start.

Thy strong endeavor is the prayer
That wins an answer straight from God;
Hast thou not found His wonders where
Thine eyes have gazed, thy feet have trod?

The tardy beauty of the spring
At last comes suddenly to view;
So shall the Heavenly Father bring
Thy better life, and thee renew.

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

POST-OFFICE MISSION.

To the Iowa Association of Unitarian and Other Liberal Churches:

FRIENDS:—As Chairman of the "Committee of the Iowa Association on the Dissemination and Publication of Literature," I wish to urge on the present Conference the claims of this work. Beyond inaugurating and assisting the work of our "District Committee," I have not been active during the past year. The fruits of our efforts here were at first so meagre that I thought it best to await further developments before urging other churches to enter upon the same venture. But there is no longer any reason for hesitancy. The work is a success. The method contains important possibilities. The "Davenport Committee" is preaching to a larger congregation than the Davenport minister. Literature is sent weekly to about fifty correspondents, and by many of them—perhaps the most of them—is farther disseminated. In gathering this congregation, and in supplying them with literature for several months, about fifty dollars has been expended—in truth a most paying investment. In advertising, the "Davenport District Committee" have confined their efforts to the county papers of their district, except in the case of a State Agricultural and a State Educational paper. The responses, however, have come from distant parts of the State, and from other States. But whence the responses come matters not. The urgent concern is that the advertising facilities of every locality in the State shall be exhausted. To this end it is highly essential that certain persons shall be responsible for this work in certain localities. I therefore urge most earnestly that steps be taken at the present Conference to place every part of the State under the direction of a "District Committee." By so doing you will give each organized society, and many unorganized groups of liberals a new object to live for, which is a great thing indeed, as every organizer knows; you will create a generous rivalry which will go far towards insuring thorough work; and you will call forth variety of method and experience which are the indispensable conditions of success.

The result of these divided and coöperating labors, will be within a year an increase, I venture to assert, of over a

hundred per cent. of liberal communicants,—at least in the West. I use the word communicant advisedly. It defines the object of the "Mission." So far, I think the purpose of the "Mission" has not been clearly defined. Have the workers asked themselves squarely, "what is our object in distributing this literature?" I believe they have not. For my part, I cannot think that a few tracts will convert a person into an active and understanding Unitarian, nor do much for his permanent religious and moral welfare. A little consideration of the experience of pastors in forming liberals, by the spoken sermon, should show that in making liberals by printed sermons, the delivery of them must be as persistent and as regular as the spoken sermon. The address of each correspondent has cost our Committee about fifty cents, to say nothing of the labor contributed. Should so much be expended only to send a tract or two? Of what consequence is it to give a few thousand people an inkling of Unitarian doctrines? Such inkling, in many cases, would only serve to confirm them in irreligion; for there are moods in which people desire food for their negations, rather than food for affirmation. Such negative food a few anti-orthodox tracts might supply—but our aim, as I consider it, is not to push people away from religion, but to draw them toward it, by presenting it more beautifully and reasonably than has heretofore been done. But such a presentation cannot be made in a few sermons. Unitarianism is not so much a faith, that can be stated in brief propositions, as it is an attitude of mind and heart, that can only be attained after much communion with our finer writers or speakers. Therefore, if our aim is to convert our correspondents into communicants, they must be preached to frequently, regularly and continuously. As long as we have reason to believe that our literature is read, it should be sent. Two reasons may be urged on behalf of this policy. First, for the sake of denominational strength, we wish to convert our correspondents into vigorous propagandists of our faith, and generous contributors to our expenses. Considered from this self-regarding point of view, it is not worth while to spend a dollar on a correspondent and then lose all track of him. To do so might, in the distant future, bring us a few good workers, but the method smacks too much of trusting in the Lord, and too little of keeping your powder dry, to commend itself to energetic organizers.

But worse still, such efforts would not be wisely generous nor generously missionary. Our literature, it is hoped, brings delight and consolation to thousands for whom orthodoxy can do nothing. If it is helpful one week, why may it not be helpful a thousand weeks? And since our faith cannot be carried by speakers into the innumerable cities, villages and firesides of the land for years to come, what more sacred duty rests upon our denomination than to preach to these isolated persons through the mail? They may not all repay us, from the denominational or material point of view, but if we bless their lives is not that payment enough?

If the "Post-office Mission" adopts the policy of *sending a sermon each week* to its correspondents, some method will have to be devised for providing sermons. An editorial in the *Register* suggested the collection of a publication fund for this purpose. Will it not be advisable for the Iowa Association to bring this matter before the National Conference?—(and as an aside, let me say that a statement that there are a dozen district committees in this State seeking material, would go far towards securing the success of the plan.)

It will not do to rely either on A. U. A. tracts nor on the "Unity Church-Door Pulpit" as now managed. The A. U. A. tracts are not, for the most part, recent enough. The sermons we distribute should be as a rule as fresh as the newspapers. Every sermon bears the stamp of its age, and people like an old sermon as little as they like an old paper.

We know full well that the most taking spoken sermons are those which deal with questions of the hour, and we may rest assured that if our printed sermons are to be most acceptable, they must have a like virtue. Though of course the older classic sermons are of much use in some instances.

As to "Unity Church-Door Pulpit" sermons, they are too expensive, and they lack variety. They are of course as varied as twenty sermons can be, but twenty varieties are not enough for this work. A minister has lying in his brain the potency of an almost limitless variety of sermons, and on this he draws when he wishes to meet a particular case or occasion. Our Committees should not have less resources to meet the many demands made upon them. For this reason, we should have not one series only, such as the "Unity Church-Door Pulpit," but several. And I would add that the direction of these series should be assigned to several different persons or groups of persons. In this way our reading congregations will be better provided for than our listening ones; but then, as a compensation for the absence of the man behind the word, they ought to be better provided for.

Again, the "Unity" series is too expensive. So far most Committees have had to pay little or nothing for their literature. It will not be long, however, before the literature on hand will, I suspect, be exhausted, especially if the distribution progresses as it should. In that case, there must be a united effort of the denomination to supply the literature, because such Committees as our scheme provides for will not be able to pay for it, except at a very low rate.

In reply, it may be said that the scheme of the Iowa Association expects the recipients to pay the expense of distribution. As a distant prospect, yes. But not immediately. This work of distribution is distinctly missionary. There may be a return for the bread cast upon the water, but it must not be expected too soon, and the distribution must not be dependent on the expectation of such a return in dollars and cents. I believe most heartily that people should regard the reception of spiritual merchandise as constituting a debt of honor, and I doubt not much missionary work would be improved by the insistence upon payment for value received. But it must also be remembered that people do not seek for the best moral and religious thought, but that, as a rule, the best thoughts, secular and religious, must be forced upon them. It is this that makes the missionary method indispensable.

I will add a word in regard to the influence of the "Post-office Mission" work as a means of opening the way for a minister-at-large. Our Committee have in one or two places a number of correspondents. A moment's reflection will reveal how easy it would be for a preacher to secure a hearing in a place where a half dozen persons have already become interested in the literature of our denomination. It is a great misfortune that we cannot put a minister-at-large into the field at once; but that misfortune will be greatly lessened if we will only work the "Post-office Mission" "for all it is worth."

In conclusion, I wish to recommend the "directions" issued by the "Iowa Association." "The Davenport Com-

mittee" have found them very helpful, and it is apparent that they will be more closely followed the more thoroughly the work is done. These directions, however, should not exclude the adoption of other plans and suggestions. Indeed, I consider it highly advisable that each Committee should correspond freely with other workers. Such correspondence not only calls forth helpful suggestions, but also awakens courage and enthusiasm. In one or two points the method of the "Davenport Committee" is to be commended. First, in holding consultation meetings, the more regularly the better; second, in subdividing the labor,—placing the advertising in the hands of one person, the distribution of sermons in the hands of another, and the loaning of books in the hands of others. I would advise, however, that there should be a head, and the best of heads is a council of all the workers, that freely and frequently consults.

The work of the Committees should not be all *at large*. *At home*, two things in addition to placing tracts at the church door, they may well undertake. First, the establishment of a church library, distinct from the Sunday School Library, and placed, if possible, in the vestibule of the church. This library should contain the standard Unitarian works—excepting possibly in the West those on such subjects as regeneration, trinitarianism, and the like, which are, as far as my experience goes, practically out of date. But such works as Diman's "Theistic Argument," Maitland's "Theism or Agnosticism," Hall's "Orthodoxy and Heresy," Allen's "Fragments of Christian History," Renouf's "History of the Religion of Egypt," Rhys David's or Mills' Buddhism, Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," Chadwick's "Bible of To-Day," Oort's "Bible for Learners," Mann's book on the Bible, Sunderland's Contrasts of Orthodoxy and Unitarianism, and other like works, not forgetting Fiske, Caird, Everett, Renan, Strauss, Max Müller,—all these would go far towards stimulating an intelligent interest in religion, and towards placing it before them from the modern point of view.

It would be a tremendous benefit to the preacher if he could know that his people were looking at the historic and theoretic question of religion from the point of the eighties instead of the forties. To hasten this desirable change nothing can be more useful than large classes for the study of religion, supplied with an ample library of interesting books.

President Eliot's recommendation, that instead of the customary sermon it would be well for preachers to review a good book now and then, might be followed with especially good results, if it was known that the book could be found in the "Church-Door Library."

The second task of home work for the Literature Committees, to which I wish to call your attention, is the formation of "An Invalid," and if you will, "An Indolent List" of the persons who can't or won't come to church. Surely many a poor invalid would be greatly rejoiced at the reception of a weekly sermon, and is it not our duty to provide them with the best spiritual helps whenever possible? As to persons on the "Indolent List," there would be many who could not come to church for a few weeks, or who, through carelessness, had ceased to come at all. To them, even, I think the literature might be so sent as to give no offense, and do much good.

And now let me entreat that several Committees be organized during this Conference. If only one person can be secured in the beginning, by all means secure that person,

others will surely follow, and gladly when the nature of the work is better understood.

I think the minister should not be on the Committee. I am not, though I have been consulted in several instances, on the ground of my position on the "Central Committee." But this is distinctly the layman's work, and it gives them the opportunity to do for reason in religion what the laymen of the Methodist church have done for emotion in religion. And it is a work which none but the most advanced believers can do. What Methodism, Presbyterianism, Episcopalianism and Catholicism mean, everybody knows; but what Unitarianism means, is known to comparatively few. There are, therefore, many by whom the offer of gratis information will be gladly accepted.

What the horse and the lay-preacher have been to Methodism, such may the postal car and the lay-correspondent become to Unitarianism. Shall it be so in our State?

ARTHUR M. JUDY.

Davenport, Iowa.

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I was sitting alone towards the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won;

"It is nothing but 'wood, hay and stubble,'"
I said; "it will all be burned—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I know I have tried;
But I'm sure when He sees such building
He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patch-work combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes,
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child! She wanted to help me.
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But oh, what a botch she had made it—
The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?—

With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half-compassionate yearning,
I felt she had grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me:
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its Refuge
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought, when the Master-Builder
Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended
And what must be builded anew;

Perhaps as He looks o'er the building
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from the right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say, as I said for her,
"Dear child! She wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur.

"And for the true love that was in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine,
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me,
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,
That will tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the labor is done.

So, my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim,
But my heart is strong and restful,
And mine eyes are unto Him.

—Anon.

FRAGMENTS.

FROM CYNTHIA ELDERBLOW'S JOURNAL.

Like the fertile oases of a great desert are the rainy days of a hot summer season; not the days blessed with a quick drenching shower that comes without warning and speedily departs, leaving the thirsty earth to bake in the scorching sun; but the red-letter days of gentle, steady rain—the cool, delicious rain that comes like a welcome guest early in the morning, remains to temper the noon-day heat, and tarries even till the late afternoon; the mellow, kindly rain, that causes even the mullein stalks down by the pasture bars to lift their heads in grateful adoration. When at last the

sunset gates swing open, a flood of sparkling light encircles the earth with a golden girdle.

On the banks of a clear little stream sparkling through that sunny region where northern laurels make way for southern willows, some wood-violets are modestly growing protected by the dense shade of the sub-tropical foliage. So quiet and unassuming are they, and so sweet and delicate is their perfume, that the traveller who stops here to rest carries away the remembrance of bright waters and cool delicious shade without knowing from whence comes the grateful sense of sweetness that rests like a halo about the mental picture. So the little courtesies of friends lend an added charm to the happiness which health and fortune bestow upon us—a charm so subtle that we do not recognize its presence, and yet so essential that we quickly detect its absence.

Do you ever stand on the shore and watch the voyagers as they start on the journey of life? First, Youth impatiently launches his cockle-shell boat and unfurls the rose-colored sails to catch the freshening breeze that shall waft him westward to the beautiful land just hidden from his view by wonderful tints of opal and flame color. Then Manhood cautiously pushes off his iron-clad vessel, strong and powerful enough to sustain the weight of practical ideas and to escape uninjured when dashed against the impenetrable granite of every-day facts; he pursues his way as calmly and sagaciously as if he possessed the spirit of the old Grecian,

"Whose comprehensive view,
The past, the present, and the future, knew."

Lastly, Age timidly embarks in a frail little craft which trembles with the slightest movement of the waves, and the breeze which is too faint to bend the hare-bell's slenderest stem is all sufficient to fill his purple sails and carry him to the cloudland that looms across his way; even now he is cheered with a vision of its intangible beauties and catches a breath from its shore which is as pleasing as the consecrated perfume from an open church door.

"When the bushy cloud from its leafy fold
Flowers in lighting, and the thunder's bold
Vibration shakes its dying petals free,
Men stare in wonder at Infinity.
When the opening rose with its velvet leaf
Pushes aside the air's remotest breath,
Then by the returning wave is shaken free
And falls, it falls by God's Infinity."

—J. N. Sprigg.

ANOTHER SUM IN TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

Three drinks of Beer in a day at 5 cents each, costs per year.....		\$54 75
It also makes a muddy brain and a tendency to dropsy and apoplexy.		
The money spent would add to the family store—		
156 lbs. of meat.....@14c.	\$21 84	
1 barrel of flour.....	8 00	
190 quarts of milk.....@ 6c.	11 40	
20 lbs. of coffee.....@30c.	6 00	
5 lbs. of tea.....@75c.	3 75	
5 bushels potatoes.....@75c.	3 75	\$54 74

Which spending brings the most health, happiness and respectability?

Three drinks of Whisky per day, at ten cents, per drink, costs in a year and generally the man's cool judgment, his patience, kindness and manliness as well as his bodily strength.	\$109 50
--	----------

The money spent would buy all the above provisions, costing.....	\$54 74
and—	

1 good suit men's clothes.....	\$25 00
Christmas presents.....	3 00
More and better clothing for wife and children.....	26 76
	\$54 76
	\$109 50

Which spending pays the best? Whose family is dressed the neatest; is the most intelligent, respected and happy?
—From the Quaker Tract Rack.

The Unity Club.

TEN GREAT NOVELS.

Some two months ago the editor of this paper addressed the following hektograph note to about one hundred ladies and gentlemen, a consensus of whose judgment might make a list of weight and value to those who desire to be led into the most profitable fields of literature:

CHICAGO, ILL., May 26th, 1884.

Dear ———,—

I want to recommend to the young people of my "Unity Club" a reading list of TEN GREAT NOVELS, the noblest available to English readers. I am asking eighty or more reading friends for such a list. Will you send me yours? Name only ten, only those that seem to you the very best in the world's literature. When those in foreign tongues are selected please suggest the best translation. An early response solicited.

Respectfully yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Sixty-one answers were received, and from these a table has been carefully prepared which results in admitting the following ten into the honor list. The number of votes cast for each follows the title:

THE SCARLET LETTER, 35	DAVID COPPERFIELD, 25
ROMOLA, - 34	HENRY ESMOND, - 22
ADAM BEDE, - 31	ON THE HEIGHTS, 21
LES MISERABLES, - 31	WILHELM MEISTER, 20
IVANHOE, - 29	UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, 19

A hundred and eighteen different works were offered as candidates for this high honor. The entire list is suggestive and maybe profitable to many of the voracious readers of our day, whose appetite can be allayed only for a short time by a list of ten, even though they be the great immortals. The list is appended in the order of popularity:

Jane Eyre.....	Bronte.....	17
The Newcomes.....	Thackeray	16
Vanity Fair.....	Thackeray	14
Heart of Mid-Lothian.....	Scott.....	14
Tale of Two Cities.....	Dickens.....	14
Robert Falconer.....	MacDonald	11
Hypatia.....	Kingsley	10
Consuelo.....	George Sand.....	9
The Marble Faun.....	Hawthorne.....	9
Middlemarch.....	George Eliot.....	8

Mill on the Floss.....	George Eliot.....	8
Daniel Deronda.....	George Eliot.....	7
Don Quixote.....	Cervantes.....	7
Guy Mannering.....	Scott.....	5
Villette.....	Bronte.....	5
Bleak House.....	Dickens.....	5
Vicar of Wakefield.....	Goldsmith.....	5
Lorna Doone.....	Blackmore.....	4
Pickwick Papers.....	Dickens.....	4
Silas Marner.....	George Eliot.....	4
Titan.....	Richter.....	4
The Virginians.....	Thackeray.....	4
Corinne.....	Madame de Stael.....	4
Felix Holt.....	George Eliot.....	4
Robinson Crusoe.....	De Foe.....	4

THREE VOTES EACH.

Antiquary, Scott; Cloister and the Hearth, Reade; John Halifax, Gentleman, Craik; Last Days of Pompeii, Bulwer; Margaret, Judd; Old Mortality, Scott; Our Mutual Friend, Dickens; I Promessi Sposi, Manzoni; Pendennis, Thackeray; Helen, Edgeworth; Rob Roy, Scott.

TWO VOTES EACH.

Alton Locke, Kingsley; Amyas Leigh, Kingsley; The Caxtons, Bulwer; Cecil Dreeme, Winthrop; Charles Auchester, E. Berger; Clarissa Harlowe, Richardson; Egyptian Princess, Ebers; Elective Affinities, Goethe; The Grandissimes, Cable; The Guardian Angel, Holmes; House of Seven Gables, Hawthorne; John Inglesant, Shorthouse; Liza, Turgenieff; Mansfield Park, Austen; Toilers of the Sea, Hugo; The Minister's Wooing, Stowe; The Neighbors, Bremer; A Princess of Thule, Black; Sir Charles Grandison, Richardson; Talisman, Scott; Westward, Ho!, Kingsley; Ekkehard, Scheffel.

ONE VOTE EACH.

Alec Forbes, MacDonald; Avis, Phelps; Castle Daly, Annie Keary; David Elginbrod, MacDonald; Fathers and Sons, Turgenieff; Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces, Richter; Good Luck, Reade; Great Expectations, Dickens; Kenilworth, Scott; Last Chronicle of Barset, Trollope; La Famille de Germande, George Sand; Le Juif Errant, Sue; Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre, Feuillet; Ten Thousand a Year, Warren; Maid of Athens, McCarthy; A Modern Instance, Howells; The Nabob, Daudet; My Novel, Bulwer; Old Curiosity Shop, Dickens; Godolphin, Bulwer; Oliver Twist, Dickens; One of the Barchester Set; The Perpetual Curate, Mrs. Oliphant; Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan; Portrait of a Lady, James; Pride and Prejudice, Austen; Put Yourself in His Place, Reade; Quintus Fixlein, Richter; Quentin Durward, Scott; Recherche de l' Absolu, Balzac; Ruth, Gaskell; Shadow of the Cross, Buchanan; Soll und Hagen; Smoke, Turgenieff; Synnöve Solbaken, Bjornsen; Tom Brown, Hughes; Villa on the Rhine, Auerbach; The Warden, Trollope; Waverly, Scott; Belinda, Edgeworth; Debit and Credit, Freytag; Mary Barton, Gaskell; Ravenshoe, Kingsley; Ville Mari, Author of Noblesse Oblige; Zenobia, Ware; Cranford, Gaskell; Far from the Madding Crowd, Hardy; North and South, Gaskell; Life for a Life, Craik; Au Bonheur des Dames; Peg Woffington, Reade; Gulliver's Travels, Swift; Arabian Nights; The Three Guardsmen, Dumas.

Doubtless in literary matters as elsewhere Theodore Parker's *dictum* holds true, viz.: "that everybody is wiser than anybody;" so that the testimony of the many is more valuable than the testimony of one. Only the more daring, perhaps the more reckless, have ventured to introduce into their list of the "ten great" those books which have not received the indorsement of at least some years of approval. But it is also true that the personal equation is a most interesting element in these lists so kindly sent us, and it may be that here as elsewhere the Egyptian proverb holds good—"The vote of a prophet equals a hundred." Our space forbids the printing of our sixty-one letters, but we will gratify the curiosity of our readers concerning the taste of some of those best known to them, suppressing for this time at least those belonging to our Western Unity circle, although among these are to be found some of the

most thoughtful and suggestive lists. We give them in their alphabetical order:

Rev. J. H. Allen, of Ithaca: It depends on which you take of three points of view—literary, ethical or psychological—meaning by the last a study of the author's mind. The second is the simplest and perhaps what you mean. In any case, for a class advanced enough, I should wish to take one or more conspicuous and characteristic examples from each of several languages and writers, say I Promessi Sposi in Italian, Auf der Höhe in German, and in French Balzac's *Cure de Campagne* or George Sand's *Maitre Laurens*. But I should suppose that for your course, English novelists of the last thirty years was quite wide sweep enough, and I should certainly wish to include specimens of writers that wouldn't exactly come up to the mark of "noble"—such as Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Reade and Blackmore; thus I should quite prefer Lorna Doone to Daniel Deronda, and The Last Chronicle of Barset to Les Misérables, if one wants either a natural or wholesome picture of life. But it's a dangerous sea to navigate in, if one wants to save his critical reputation and sanity from wreck. If I were going to take such a course I should be likely to include—off-hand and at a venture—Romola, Vanity Fair, Bleak House, One of the "Barchester" Set, Put Yourself in His Place, Caxtons, Seven Gables, Villette, I Promessi Sposi, Auf der Höhe; but I might change half of these to-morrow; at all events, substitute Consuelo for one of them, and should try to get in something of Balzac and Turgenieff. You see I go for variety and the widest study of life.

Dr. C. A. Bartol, of Boston: Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* and *Elective Affinities*; Scott's *Antiquary*, *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, *Old Mortality* and *Rob Roy*; Marian Evans' *Adam Bede*, *Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner*; Balzac's *Recherche de l' Absolu*, a wonderful book.

Rev. John Chadwick, Brooklyn, N. Y.: A list of my personal preferences might be somewhat different, but it might include too many from one author. Esmond, Jane Eyre, Romola, Adam Bede, Heart of Mid-Lothian, On the Heights (Tauchnitz ed.), Les Misérables (Carlton's ed. is poorly translated, but I do not know of any better), Scarlet Letter, The Grandissimes, Portrait of a Lady.

James Freeman Clarke, of Boston: Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, Vicar of Wakefield, Henry Esmond, Ivanhoe, Charles Reade's *Love Me Little, Love Me Long*, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Wilhelm Meister, La Famille de Germande, by George Sand, Silas Marner.

Robert Collyer, of New York: Heart of Mid-Lothian, David Copperfield, Adam Bede, John Halifax, Gentleman, Henry Esmond, Ruth (Mrs. Gaskell), Jane Eyre, Clarissa Harlowe (Richardson), Scarlet Letter, Robert Falconer.

Miss Lucretia Crocker, of the Boston Public Schools: Your request is not easily complied with; for one hesitates to place even ten books as "the very best in the world's literature." After a half dozen that could not be omitted from such a list, the number of good stories, good for different reasons, multiplies so rapidly that it is difficult to select any one in preference to a dozen others, except as one has regard to the requirement of particular readers. What I should specially select for one young person I should not give another. Thackeray, for instance, has a bitterness and a satirical or cynical flavor that I would not give to many young people; and yet not to include him seems almost like excluding an English classic. Again descriptions of daily life in different localities, as Miss Bremer's "Neighbors," "Quits" and other German tales,—middle-age pictures of knights, armor, etc., in which G. P. R. James excels—Cooper's tales of Indian life—fiction founded on the progressive ideas of this and earlier times, as "Old Ma'mselle's Secret," "Schoenberg Cotta Family," etc.—books of purely dramatic interest, as Wilkie Collins' "Moonstone," etc.—home life and development of to-day, as in "Faith Gartney"—all these and many more crowd upon the thoughts, as well as many of Scott's, etc., instead of forcing oneself to select one only. These are reasons why you give a hard task; but as you say "name no more than ten," I send a list, not committing myself to stand by it should a similar decision be attempted again, after a little time. Ivanhoe, My Novel, Romola, Helen, Martin Chuzzlewit, Zenobia, The Marble Faun, The Schoenberg Cotta Family, The Neighbors, Debit and Credit.

Prof. Thomas Davidson, Boston: Ekkehard (translation),

I Promessi Sposi (translation), Romola, Felix Holt, Au Bonheur des Dames (translation), Wilhelm Meister (translation), Peg Woffington, Corinne, Ivanhoe, Heart of Mid-Lothian.

C. F. Dole, Jamaica Plain, Mass.: I am not at all sure that if I were to be asked for the ten *greatest* novels I should make the same list in all respects as when asked for the ten which are the *noblest*. Tom Brown, for example, seems to me a very noble story, but whether it is one of the greatest I am not sure, nor again whether The Marble Faun which is great is also noble enough. Adam Bede, Ivanhoe, Hypatia, Tale of Two Cities, The Newcomes, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Tom Brown at Oxford, Les Misérables, Romola, The Marble Faun.

Prof. C. C. Everett, Dean of the Cambridge Divinity School: Antiquary, Middlemarch, Mill on the Floss, Adam Bede, Newcomes, Vanity Fair, Castle Daly, The Warden, David Copperfield, The Scarlet Letter.

Prof. J. C. Freeman, Professor of English Literature at State University, Madison, Wis.: What a high Calvinist you are! "Only ten" admitted to the heaven of your elect. Among the partisans of the hustled-out there will be what weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth! Your eighty people will have their eighty points of view. I am of course inclined to put down novels marking epochs in the development of the novel. I made a dash at it and my list was twenty-five. Another, and got sixteen. I strike off six. "The noblest," eh? Then Tom Jones will have to go, in some respects perhaps the most perfect novel of them all. Kenilworth will have to go too—no character in it as noble as Jeanie Deans. There is dear old Pickwick—he is not noble of course, but we couldn't get on without him; and Copperfield—why Copperfield? On account of Agnes, the salt of the earth. The Vicar of Wakefield, Last Days of Pompeii, Heart of Mid-Lothian, David Copperfield, Pickwick Papers, Henry Esmond, Romola, House of Seven Gables, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Robert Falconer.

N. P. Gilman, Wayland, Mass.: Romola, Adam Bede, David Copperfield, Newcomes, Heart of Mid-Lothian, Don Quixote, Scarlet Letter, Quintus Fixlein, Mansfield Park, Guardian Angel.

Edward Everett Hale, Boston: With regard to the first of these there is I think no question. Robinson Crusoe, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Jane Eyre, A Tale of Two Cities, The Arabian Nights, The Newcomes. I should consider the education of any young person neglected till he had read these carefully. On the other hand whoever has wholly learned what these could teach has little left to learn of the first importance. To make up your ten I will add Ivanhoe, Romola, Miss Austen's Pride and Prejudice, Dumas' Three Guardsmen. The last simply to show the value of pure narrative.

Prof. W. T. Harris, Concord, Mass.: I would name the following, after much hesitation in regard to the extent of meaning which the term "novel" may have properly. I think that Walter Scott alone could furnish the ten greatest novels, and perhaps twenty that are greater than any others. If one is to name, however, only ten, they should furnish the point of view (Welt-Anschauung, as the Germans call it) of as many individualities as possible. I have accordingly named the following (excluding reluctantly Scott's Ivanhoe, Auerbach's Villa on the Rhine, and Cervantes' Don Quixote): Wilhelm Meister (Carlyle's translation, supplemented by Bell's translation of the *Travels*, in Bohn's Library, complete), Vicar of Wakefield, Heart of Mid-Lothian, Rob Roy, Marble Faun, Consuelo and sequel, Romola, Les Misérables, Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe.

Prof. J. K. Hosmer, Prof. of German Literature in Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.: Henry Esmond, Adam Bede, Wilhelm Meister, Elective Affinities, The Scarlet Letter, Heart of Mid-Lothian, Les Misérables, Tale of Two Cities, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre.

Dr. Frederic H. Hedge, Cambridge, Mass.: Your request to name the ten best novels or ten great novels is not easy to comply with. There are different types of novels which are incommensurable, and under some of the types a dozen which are equally good. I will name the ten which first occur to me. Sir Charles Grandison, The Vicar of Wakefield, Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Rob Roy, Old Mortality, The Heart of Mid-Lothian, Ivanhoe, Godolphin (Bulwer), Belinda (Miss Edgeworth.) I do not name Don Quixote or Gil Blas, which are great works, but not what is commonly understood by a novel. Fielding's

Tom Jones and Smollet's Peregrine Pickle are great among English classics, but not to be recommended to young people. Manzoni's Betrothed, Goethe's Wilhelm Meister and his Elective Affinities are among the greatest, but not easily accessible to English readers. I have not named Thackeray's or George Eliot's, or "Jane Eyre," because although they have great merit I do not account them quite equal to those which I have specified. I should certainly mention Mrs. Ferrier's Inheritance and Miss Austen's Pride and Prejudice had you not restricted my choice to ten. Some of Trollope's, especially "The Duke's Children," I omit for the same reason.

Miss Mary Thorn Lewis, President of the New Century Club, Philadelphia: Henry Esmond, Pride and Prejudice, Cranford, Adam Bede, John Inglesant, Far from the Madding Crowd, Tale of Two Cities, Helen (Miss Edgeworth), Liza (Turgenieff), Lorna Doone (R. D. Blackmore).

Edwin D. Mead, Boston: The following cover some of the "very best" at any rate: Wilhelm Meister, Soll und Haben, Titan, Les Misérables, Romola, Ivanhoe, The Newcomes, David Copperfield, Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Scarlet Letter.

Prof. C. C. Shackford, of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.: Don Quixote, On the Heights, Charles Auchester, Les Misérables, The Neighbors, Consuelo, Margaret, The Scarlet Letter, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Ivanhoe.

Prof. J. C. Zachos, Curator of the Cooper Institute, N. Y.: I send you, according to the request of your circular, the titles of ten novels, such as, perhaps, might take position among the best in the world;—although this is *largely a matter of private judgment*. In the novels of all nations we shall find the best delineation of the social and even the political life of man—his manners and customs, his thoughts and feelings, in every age and nationality. The novel, therefore, *well selected*, becomes a source of instruction to youth. Here, then, are ten novels that cover a wide range of history in the social development of man, as well as stand high in the literature of nations:

1. Ivanhoe; Sir Walter Scott. England in Mediæval times.
2. The Last Days of Pompeii; Edward Bulwer. Social life in the days of the Roman Empire.
3. Jane Eyre; Charlotte Bronte. An analytic description of English home life.
4. Pickwick; Charles Dickens. The country life, manners and eccentricities of the English people.
5. Vanity Fair; William M. Thackeray. Analytic of English manners and character.
6. Les Misérables; Victor Hugo. French life in the lower ranks.
7. Don Quixote; Cervantes. Spanish life in the 16th Century.
8. Consuelo; George Sand. The aspiration for reform in the social and political life of Europe.
9. Adam Bede; George Eliot. Human life, tried by great standards.
10. The Egyptian Princess; Ebers. The ancient life of Egypt and the Far East.

If the above personal testimonies prove of sufficient interest to our readers to induce them to indicate a desire for more, we may print in our next further contributions from our more domestic circle. Meanwhile our columns are open for criticism, suggestions or additions to our List of Ten.

Since the issue of our circular letter our attention has been called to a list compiled in a somewhat similar manner by the Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library, and published with much admirable matter in the same direction, in the "Public School Library Bulletin, No. 28," which can probably be still obtained by sending ten cents to the above address.

The "Friends in Council," of Quincy, Ill., is the first of our Unity Club circle to send us its calendar of work for the coming year, 1884-5—a neat ten-page pamphlet. The work is divided into four sections, viz.:

1. Eight evenings with Robert Browning, following

essentially the programme for beginners issued in this office last year, and followed by the "Evanston Browning Club," Janesville "M. I. C." and others.

2. A study of Optics. Nine sessions.
3. Shakespeare's King Lear. Eight sessions.
4. Early Christian History. Eight studies.

The "Odyssey" and "Browning" sections of the Unity Club of All Souls Church, Chicago, recently held their reunions at the parsonage on successive evenings, and the work for the coming season was determined upon. Three sections were planned for, viz.:

1. The study of the writings of James Russell Lowell.
2. The study of the Ten Great Novels, the list of which is found elsewhere. Each member of the Club, and it is hoped of the church, is to undertake a careful reading of at least one of the ten during the year, and arrangements will be made for a paper on each during the season.
3. The study of Robert Browning, the third year. Special attention to be given to the dramas not previously studied, viz.: "Strafford," "The Return of the Druses," "King Victor and King Charles," "Luria," "A Soul's Tragedy" and "Sordello."

Conferences.

THE IOWA CONFERENCE.

DEAR UNITY:—Our recent Conference at Humboldt was the seventh anniversary of our organized existence as a State Association. We did not dare to think of all that we had *not* done, of all the waiting fields where we had sown no seed, and of the ripened harvests we had not reaped. We were glad to remember that the two societies and the two settled ministers with which we began, had expanded to six—seven if we count Algona—where earnest personal effort is yet needed to give the conditions of permanent and self-sustaining life. We were glad to feel that although for more than four years, we have had no missionary, and so no means of creative work, we have been able to keep the heart of our work warm and steadily beating with undaunted courage, and that it is only waiting for its opportunity to pour its currents into the efforts of the missionary for whose speedy advent we most devoutly pray. We were glad to remember the thirteen good Conferences already held at different points in the State, and the two young ministers in whose work we feel a growing pride, knowing that they might never have found their way into the ministry, but for the fostering care of our State Association. We were glad to look out upon the untold possibilities opening to us in the new form of missionary work through the Post-office, which we have adopted as a distinct branch of our State work, with a central committee and four sub-committees already actively at work, a number which we hope to double within the next three months. It has already created for us a deeply interesting *parish at large*,—already calling for an exchange of the printed word, for the voice of the living preacher. It is a sort of John the Baptist preparing the way for the Bringer of Glad Tidings.

We have not stood as representatives of organized Unitarianism in the West these seven years without learning not to depend upon the strength of numbers. And yet it did

seem discouraging when we found that we were not to have even those who were down for prominent parts in our published programme. We had already nerved ourselves to do without some of our small State band of workers, among them Mr. Elder; and Mr. Blake, who for years has seemed a prime requisite to the success of an Iowa Conference. But when we found that we were not to have Mr. Cole or Judy, or Jones, or Hunting, who have never before failed us, and that three others upon whom we had depended for papers, would not be there in person, we could but feel that all ordinary supports were giving way, and for the moment our confident faith that this Conference would be a season of special blessing, wavered. But only for a moment. We had still remaining to us more than the essential "two or three," and in addition we had a *new* and special dispensation of Providence in the presence of Messrs. Simmons and Janson, from Minneapolis. The *few* so magnified their calling and their message, that it really seemed to us during those three Conference days, that we had in Humboldt "an army with banners." We were constantly reminded of how Joshua captured Jericho, especially on Sunday, after the Minnesota brethren had left us, and the Conference filled the pulpit of the Congregational Church as well as that of Unity, both morning and evening, reaching large audiences and leaving every household in Humboldt discussing the subject of religion.

We have never had a better or more vital Conference, unless it be that held in the same place four years ago, when the now completed and attractive church edifice was dedicated, and the beloved pastor, Miss Safford, ordained. Humboldt has perhaps doubled its population during these four years; but the church has kept pace, moving steadily forward, "growing in grace and in the knowledge of the truth," deepening its lines of influence, strengthening its stakes, until it is to-day what every Unitarian church should be to a community—"a city set on a hill"—a radiating center of light—of all sweet and helpful influences.

Its Sunday School using all the new and beautiful tools which the Western Association now provides for character-building, with its bevy of earnest young people as teachers, meeting each Saturday evening at the minister's study for the thorough consideration of the lesson; the Unity Club with its intellectual stimulus and fine course of lectures; the course of Sunday Evening Lectures on "*The Liberal Thinkers of America*"—all these have served to draw out in a surprising and helpful way the latent resources that lie idly rusting in the pews of every Unitarian church, degenerating often for want of use, into cynicism and hyper-criticism of the pulpit, when by a little effort they might all be directed to the work of scattering spiritual darkness, and transforming men and women into *Lovers of the Light*.

These features and many more we found as pleasant marks of progress. No line of ordinary church activity has been neglected. All the fine lines of connection with the State work, with the Western Conference, the Women's Conference, and the Sunday School Society have been conscientiously kept up. As a natural result, the church has done all the more for itself. Both the exterior and the interior are now complete, most tasteful and inviting; and the indebtedness has been reduced from fifteen to six hundred. The whole atmosphere of the work accomplished here was a sort of prophetic glow of the goal which we are so slowly nearing, and was in itself a strong incentive to renewed effort.

There was no representative from Keokuk, but we had

good and encouraging reports from Iowa City, from Davenport, from Creston and Des Moines, and of the hopefulness of the situation at Algona. Miss Safford and the Secretary had just returned from a visit there, which had resulted in definite plans for a renewal of work. In the Davenport report, the efficient work of their Post-office Mission Committee was perhaps, the most striking feature. In Iowa City it was Mr. Clute's large and deeply interesting Young People's Bible Class, while in the Des Moines report it seemed to be Mr. Hunting's activity in gathering in the new comers, yearly pouring into our Capital City. In Creston it was their great need of an exchange of the Opera House service for a home of their own, with all the helpful influences possible only in such a home. They had hoped to have this building well under way, but local conditions, which it is hoped are only temporary, have prevented.

The State Association had not yet completed the payment of its pledge to Des Moines, and every form of aggressive work stood waiting for the *Coming Missionary*. New towns rapidly growing up—railroad centers—were offering the opportunity to plant Unitarianism as their very first church organization, and we were powerless to do this work for want of a missionary. It seemed to us, as these possibilities were spread out before us, that our need in these new fields—these Western States, where our half dozen ministers are one hundred and fifty, or two or three hundred miles apart—is certainly greater, and the opportunity for permanent results more striking than in States like Massachusetts, with its strong net-work of churches, and its earnest laity with generations of training in zeal for the church, waiting only for a little stimulus to become missionaries themselves.

At this Conference we had sermons from Mary A. Graves, unexpectedly with us, on her way to Des Moines, from J. W. Broeffle, who has been preaching at Sherwood, Mich., two each, for Sunday, from Messrs. Cushing and Clute, and the beautiful opening sermon by Mr. Janson, from the Legend of St. Christopher. We had an excellent paper from Joel P. Davis, on "The Spiritual Side of Evolution," one from Mrs. Wilkes, of Sioux Falls, Dak., on "How to Develop the Religious Life of a Community"—a subject most vital to our work, and very suggestively treated. Mrs. Wilkes could not be present herself, but sent as a substitute a sister, Miss Tupper, whom she knew we should be most glad to see and know, and who is already started in the line of direct preparation for the ministry. If "The Wade School of Religious Philosophy" is not soon broadly and strongly started, we must certainly have at the whilom Humboldt College, or elsewhere, a *Western School of the Prophets*.

And then we had a clear, strong paper from Mrs. Jessie W. Manning, of Chariton, on "Some Modern Errors"—Spiritualism and Materialism—which was followed by a most able and scholarly paper from Mr. Clute on "The Science of Spirit," which we hope to see in a future number of the *Unitarian Review*. The two papers were followed by a discussion only possible in a Unitarian Conference, earnest, participated in by persons holding widely different views, but with no hint of jar, or disturbance of spirit. It was a most significant feature of our Conference, and as we think, one of its prophetic foregleams.

Such are the marvelous resources of a Unitarian Conference that, in spite of all our failures, we had two papers or addresses for Friday evening—one from Mr. Broeffle on "The Old and the New," and one from Mr. Simmons,

which he persisted in leaving nameless, but which so scintillated with light, and real spiritual force, that it thrilled and lifted us to the very *mount of vision*. We remember no paper at any Conference, East or West, that possessed in the same degree that rare blending of meteoric brilliancy which is always expected from Mr. Simmons, with a strong uplifting power that bore us away on the wings of his thought. We shall not soon lose the stimulus of that flight to the domain of *spiritual power*. It was a grand finale to the lines of thought developed by "The Science of Spirit."

We took up a collection—two of them—and the amount proved to be the largest, as a collection, ever taken at one of our Conferences—\$69.36.

Our subscription for the year is not yet fairly started.

We had a delightful social reunion at the open house of Mr. and Mrs. Taft, which we are not likely soon to forget.

Our officers were all reelected save Judge McCrary, whose removal from the State rendered his resignation necessary. Mrs. Mary Wright, of Des Moines, was elected for this vacancy, and is now our Vice President. S. S. Hunting, Arthur M. Judy and Mary A. Safford, were elected as our representatives at the Saratoga Conference.

We arranged for renewed effort in our Post-office Mission work. We hope soon to see in your columns Mr. Judy's Address as Chairman of the Central Committee on Publication and Dissemination of Literature.* It is full of stimulus in a comparatively new line of work, which is so full of potency and promise that it should be systematically undertaken by every Unitarian church in our country. But we have already exceeded the limits of a Conference report and must reserve our interest in this subject for some future occasion.

C. T. COLE, Sec'y.

The Study Table.

All books noticed in this department, as well as new and standard books of every description, may be obtained by addressing the Colegrove Book Co., 135 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE.†

The South and Southern problems are not to be understood and justly interpreted until literature unstained by sectional prejudices and untrammelled by party dictation holds up its glass to nature and reveals faithfully the subtle complexities of motives, the interweaving of circumstances as represented by tradition, ancestry and education that enter into the action and character of both white and black in that unfortunate, misguided, but always interesting and, to our minds, most promising South. Cable and Harris, at least, have succeeded in creating a literature of permanent value and great significance out of this material. The Creole of Louisiana has found in Cable what the neglected classes of London found in Charles Dickens—an appreciative interpreter; and in "Uncle Remus" Harris has done for the negro freedman what Walter Scott did for Scottish peasants of two centuries ago. We like this book much. "Mingo" is a crayon sketch of great power and pathos. We might call it a charcoal sketch by Millet done in letters. It dis-

* See page 202.

† MINGO AND OTHER SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. pp. 273. \$1.25.

plays more psychological penetration than even Bret Harte's masterly sketches.

"At Teague Poteet's" is a not untimely contribution to the political problems of the day. To many it will be a "new phase of the rebellion" to know that some at least of the "moonshiners" were Union men and Republicans, i. e., men who were "determined to stay in the United States on their own terms."

"Blue Dave," so terrible as a runaway slave, yet so modest, bashful and tender, will doubtless seem to most readers a fancy sketch, but in reading it we were reminded of a soldier's monument in Wisconsin reared to the memory of one company of the war. On it is inscribed the names of all privates and officers, with the names of the battles in which the company were engaged. When the monument had been completed "the boys" discovered there was one name omitted. The only space left was a line on the officers' tablet, and they insisted it should go on here, and the committee, hardly knowing how to fix it, added the inscription: "H. Ashby, private." It was no private whose name "the boys" were anxious to preserve. It was only "nigger Henry," the colored cook of the second platoon, who rode two or three horses to the death at the battle of Corinth carrying canteens of water to his "boys," who were in the very front line in the thickest of the fight, in defiance of the shot and shell that blanched the cheeks of the bravest of the white men. All through the war he stood by those boys, shy as a girl, tender as a woman, true as steel, terrible as an outraged slave; and when the war was over he accompanied the boys to Wisconsin, where he has remained since, a faithful, industrious, law-abiding citizen, although he was as black as the "Blue Dave" of the story.

In "A Piece of Land" we again come upon some spiritual analysis and psychological penetration that reminds us of George Eliot's *Silas Marner*. The publisher is justified in gathering these stories into book form if they serve no other purpose than as excellent studies in dialect, but they have other excellencies. They abound in sententious sayings that might become proverbial. In the prayer of Uncle Manuel on page 218 is a model of that devotion that comes out of the faith of a loving soul supremely conscious of but two facts, viz: the finite helplessness and the infinite nearness. We mind not its simple and crude theology as we are chastened, mellowed, dignified by it.

INDIAN MYTHS.*

No one who is at all interested in the study of comparative mythology, can resist the fascination of this book, which gives the myths, legends and traditions of America, the folk-lore of our Indian tribes. In the mythology of no other people do we seem to come so near the primitive thoughts of mankind, in their first reaching out after the infinite meaning in summer breeze and wintry tempest, in the soft radiance of early dawn, the majesty of noon-day and the changing glory of the sunset. To the students this book has intrinsic value by reason of the immense number of legends and facts here collected entirely, independent of any theories which may be deduced from them. The author's aim in the compilation has been to make more evident the capacity of the Indian race for moral and intellectual culture, and she bases her claim entirely upon historical and

ethnological grounds. She naturally compares these myths with those of other countries, including Egypt, Persia, Hindoostan and China, whose people reached a civilization of which the Indian has usually been considered incapable. Everywhere we find that the differing races have been one in their worship of an unknown God, that each has woven a fanciful web of imagination and romance around the natural objects and phenomena, which are the available images of that reverence and aspiration inherent in the soul of man, and that diversity in unity is here as elsewhere the great law of the universe.

One might naturally expect to find the grotesque and the childish element predominant in these legends. Grotesque and childish legends there are indeed, but we find also stories of faithful devotion and of heroic self-denial for the good of others. Many have germs of poetic beauty in their conception which might well be developed by poets who love graceful idyls and delicate fancies. The legend of Leelinau, the Indian dryad, might have come from Grecian mythology itself, and "The Siren of the Narragansett" well deserves equal rank with the Lorelei. The Indians narrate the story thus: Many years ago a race of giants lived on the islands of the Narragansett. One of them, in a sudden fit of anger hurled his wife through the air and she alighted upon Seaconet Point, where for many years she might be heard singing low, melancholy songs, as she sat upon the rock overlooking the bay. These songs were so sweet that many a fisherman moored his canoe to listen. The story ends with her transformation into a rock. Many of the legends were woven by Longfellow into "*Hiawatha*."

The work of compilation has been done thoroughly and well. A list of the principal authors and books consulted embraces nearly one hundred and twenty names. The book is generously illustrated with plates and diagrams, pictures from the "*Hindu Pantheon*" and from drawings by John White, who was sent over to America in 1585 by Queen Elizabeth for the purpose of obtaining pictures of the Indians. There is a good index.

E. E. M.

The monthly abstract of the Browning Society's proceedings for April 24th is received, containing the full text of James Russell Lowell's address on taking the chair for the evening. The poem under discussion that evening was "*Caliban upon Setebos: or Natural Theology in the Island*." During the discussion some hard things were said concerning Calvinism, at the close of which our radical poet put in his word of defense for John Calvin, to which every friend of religious sincerity must agree:

I should like to say one word about the discussion that has taken place; I entirely agree with what Mr. Conway quoted from Professor Huxley, as to the object that Mr. Browning had before him in the poem; but I wish to make one small remark: I think some of those who have come after him have been a little hard on Calvinism and St. Paul, and have used unwarrantably strong language. I think that is something we ought to guard against. Let us look at Calvinism, as at everything else, with steady eyes. However a certain instinctive feeling in the mind may rise and protest against the utter abomination of some of its doctrines, yet they have produced some of the strongest and the noblest characters the world has ever seen, the very fibre and substance of which enduring commonwealths are made. Look at Coligny, for instance. Nay, the political and intellectual freedom we enjoy springs as truly perhaps from the loins of Calvin as from anywhere else. And I do not think it safe—I am formulating no creed of my own—I have always been a liberal thinker, and have therefore allowed others, who differed from me, to think also as

*INDIAN MYTHS. By Ellen Russell Emerson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884. pp. 677. \$5.00.

they liked; but at the same time I fear that when we indulge ourselves in the amusement of going without a religion, we are not perhaps quite aware how much we are sustained at present by an enormous mass all about us of religious feeling and religious conviction, so that, whatever it may be safe for us to think, for us who have had great advantages, and have been brought up in such a way that a certain moral direction has been given to our characters, I do not know what would become of the less favored class of mankind, if they undertook to play at the same game. I am not sure that *Caliban* is a type so very low. I should say from what I have read recently in the papers, that a type quite as low—a type that seems, perhaps, even lower, because projected against the background of our civilization—exists in the very midst of us. Can you find me more degraded beings than those I have recently read about in the slums of London? I should doubt whether the condition of the natural savage has ever produced anything like it. And when this scum of the modern Rome takes to making a God in its own image? But I wished only to enter the protest of one in whose veins runs the blood of Calvinistic ancestors, against the way in which Calvinism has been spoken of, and also to remind one of the speakers that the saint whom he quoted was the same who said, "the greatest of these is charity."

The Ladies' Commission on Sunday School Books have just issued a supplementary catalogue for 1884. 326 books have been examined and of these 22 per cent. have been accepted. The work shows zeal and scrupulous conscientiousness, but even after this careful and most intelligent reviewing, we can but wonder if a large number of even this 22 per cent. left will ever find a permanent place in literature save in that class known as juvenile literature, which makes the Sunday School Library still, in the main, productive of intellectual debility and the cultivator of low literary tastes. This catalogue calls attention to the fact that "William Ware's *Zenobia and Julian*" are reprinted by F. Warne & Co., New York, at \$1.25 per volume, and that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have reprinted Hawthorne's stories for young people in three volumes at \$1.50 per volume.

The July number of the *Scandinavia* quite sustains the high standard already established by this publication both in its literary and typographical excellence. It contains a translation of Henrich Ibsen's poem on the murder of Abraham Lincoln, which must suffer severely in the translation, and the conclusion of an admirable lecture on "Our Ancestors" by Kristofer Janson, in the course of which he traces the passage of Scandinavian paganism into Scandinavian Christianity. He says, "It was the same train of ideas as in heathen days, only changed to a Christian foundation with Christian names." In this he but points at a Scandinavian illustration of an universal law. Never a break, always a growth, is to be found in the larger and truer study of religion.

"To Mexico by Palace Car"* is a most provoking little book to those who cannot go to Mexico, as it certainly is a very handy thing for those who go, small enough to put in a bag, large enough to sharpen one's appetite. Mexico is a neglected sister of the Republic of the United States. The railroad system just completed may, as this little book promises, begin a series of beneficent conquests of American civilization in this old, rich, quaint and isolated realm.

*TO MEXICO BY PALACE CAR. A Guide to her principal countries and capital. An introduction to her life and people. By James W. Slade. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1884. Paper. pp. 96. 25 cents.

The opening lines in Browning's poem of James Lee, beginning

"Ah, Love, but a day,
And the world has changed,"

have been set to music by Ethel Harraden. The song with accompaniment for the piano is published by C. Jeffreys, 67, Berners Street, London. The same composer has, we believe, set to music other poems of Browning. We are glad to welcome these efforts, which may help to dispel the popular impression that Browning's verses are lacking in musical qualities.

The boys and girls who have graduated from the Boston High Schools in 1883 or '84 are invited to compete for a first and second prize of \$40 and \$25 respectively to be given for the best essays on the following topics, the essays to be sent to Edwin D. Mead before the first of January, 1885:

- I. Why did the Pilgrim Fathers come to New England?
- II. The Struggle to maintain the Massachusetts Charter, to its final loss in 1684. Discuss the relation of the struggle to the subsequent struggle of the Colonies for Independence.

Dr. Samuel Davidson, from whom a communication appears on another page of this paper, is the author of an Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament, Critical, Historical and Theological, in three octavo volumes, price \$16.80; also of a similar work on the New Testament, two volumes, \$12.00. These works are published in this country by Messrs. Scribner & Welford of New York, and can be obtained of The Colegrove Book Co., Chicago. Dr. Davidson has also contributed the article on the History of the Canon in the Encyclopædia Britannica, ninth edition.

The Chautauqua movement has been extended to include the young folks, who already have a "Reading Union." They are now to have an illustrated periodical which will be issued in July by the publishers of the far-famed *Wide Awake* magazine, D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, who will send it free for two months to any of our readers who may request it.

A writer in the *Current* claims that the beautiful hymn
"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,"

universally credited to James Montgomery, was really written by a Pennsylvania lady, Miss Wilhelmina Creswell, a cousin of James G. Blaine.

Oliver Wendell Holmes writing to a London correspondent concerning his eagerly-looked for book on Emerson, says:

"I hope one of these days I shall have to send you a new book. I am trying to do some kind of justice to Emerson in one of those brief memoirs which it takes but a short time to read, and sometimes a good deal longer to write than the reader would suppose."

"Man, Woman and Child," Mr. Savage's last volume of sermons, has been received at this office from the press of Geo. H. Ellis, and will be fully noticed in a future number of UNITY.

Mr. George Willis Cooke, well known to our circle of readers, contributes an interesting essay on "Literature" to last week's *Current*.

Little Unity.

THE CHARACTER OF JESUS.

We talked about character in one of our lesson scraps a few numbers ago, before coming to the more direct study of the character of Jesus, with which lesson the course for the season closed. Mr. Blake gave us a very interesting talk about this at the noon meeting, reminding us of the many noble characteristics shown in Jesus' life. Some of these we are often led to forget,—such as his boldness in asserting his own truth even in opposition to the elders and wise men of his time; his vigorous treatment of the money changers in the temple, and his severe words against those who had heard but would not heed his preaching,—because we hear so much more about his gentleness, his love and tenderness. Some one has said that the thing we feel the greatest need of ourselves, is the one we think everybody else needs too. So very likely the many generations of people since Jesus lived, needing first to be tenderer, more loving and sympathetic one with another, have dwelt upon this part of his character almost entirely and spoken of little else. No doubt we still need to remember this first, but in a broader and wiser way,—one which will find his love to be of a stronger kind than mere gentleness often implies. Read and you will see that his gentleness never made him timid about doing a hard task, or speaking the truth under the most trying circumstances otherwise than strongly. That his sympathy was for the common people who were humbly trying to live honest lives, his tenderness always for the suffering one who sinned, never for the sin itself, and since it is always more endearing to serve than to be served, his love must have had to a wonderful degree that quality of endurance which can stand alone,—can love and serve while receiving in return little or no appreciation.

Remember that although knowing what must befall him at the last, he yet went steadily on, holding his faith in what was truth to him even though he could make only a few of those around him believe it as truth. Remember his courage to endure, his forgiving spirit toward those who wronged him because "they knew not what they did," and if we try to live in the same spirit ourselves we shall learn more and more every day what strength as well as goodness he must have had, and that to be truly tender and loving belongs not to weakness, but to strength of character.

A LITTLE WOODEN LEG.

A TRUE STORY.

One bright summer morning God sent a little baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, who live in a small village in western Iowa. How proud and happy they all were. Grandpa and grandma came in from their prairie farm to welcome the little stranger and bring her for a birth-day present the little old-fashioned cradle mamma Matthews was rocked in when she was a baby. Old Fan joggled slowly along and grandma said again and again:

"Now, father, do hurry her up a little. 'Pears to me she travels uncommon slow and easy."

Then grandpa would laugh softly to himself, shake the lines gently, and say, "Come, Fan, get up now," and Fan would prick up her ears and trot along quite briskly for a

few minutes, then settle down to the old jog trot again. But at last they were there, and while grandpa unhitched Fan and led her around to the barn, grandma hurried up the walk, bright with flowers on either side, stepped upon the little porch covered with morning-glories and dainty cypress vines, and a moment after stood in mamma's bedroom holding out her hands for the baby, but before nurse gave it to her she stooped down and kissed mamma, who just threw her arms around her neck and began to cry; nurse turned away and wiped her eyes, and papa by the window began blowing his nose and whistled softly.

What could it mean? Grandma could not tell, and the baby girl began blinking her brown eyes and stared first at one and then at another as if trying to make out what it was all about.

Nurse had to explain at last, so she dropped down into the nearest chair and uncovering the little red feet showed grandma. The baby was a cripple. One little leg was all right, but the other stopped at the knee and then turned in a little and there was a tiny foot not half so large as the other and where it could never, never grow to reach the floor.

"Poor little thing," said grandma softly; then patting mamma's brown hair tenderly, "we'll make it easy for her, daughter, and maybe she'll never know the difference. Dear child, we'll love her all the better."

When grandpa came in and heard the dreadful truth, he knelt down by the bed-side and with trembling voice asked God to bless the little one and give her a cheerful, contented heart and all would yet be well.

And baby Jessie was the brightest, happiest baby you ever saw. She would coo and laugh and play with her fingers, and wiggle about in the little birth-day cradle when she was awake, and even when she slept she'd smile and smile till mamma, watching her, could not help smiling and being happy too. When she was old enough she would sit on the floor and hitch herself about from place to place after a fly, a bright spot on the carpet, a favorite toy, or a stray sunbeam.

When she was three years old papa bought her a little wooden leg and strapped it firmly on, then he and mamma taught their little girl to walk, and very proud and happy were they all when she could walk the whole length of the room alone. Before many months had passed, only enough to make a year or two, she could run races, climb trees and fences, and skip about the house like a happy bird or a bright sunbeam, cheering everybody with her glad laugh and bright, quick ways.

One summer morning mamma sat in her cozy room working a soft flannel sacque for Jessie, while grandma rocked near by, busy with her knitting, when Jessie's voice in the kitchen reached them and both paused to listen:

"Are you pretty near done with the scrubbing-brush, Susan?"

"Yes, as soon as I finish this bench. But what do you want of it?"

"Why, this afternoon's the picnic, you know, and I'm going to scrub my wooden leg all white and clean so as to look nice. Hurry, now, that's a good Susan. But never mind, I can wash my 'little foot' and trim the nails while I'm waiting. Don't you think it's cunning?" she rattled on after a pause, "almost as cute as Mrs. Parker's baby's feet, and this little stocking is ever so pretty. Grandma knit it for me."

"There, ain't that white, though? It's almost as clean

as a new one and ever so much nicer for it's been mine so long. Now fasten it for me, Susan. That's all right," giving her a good hug for her trouble, which Susan warmly returned.

"Now I'm going out to get the flowers for my hair and dress. O, but won't it be nice!"

And as the little wooden leg went "tat, tat" on the walk, mingled with the patter of the other slippered foot, mamma's eyes filled with tears as she echoed Susan's fervent "Bless the child!" and grandma wiped her spectacles and said earnestly, "He has blessed her when He gave her that sweet nature, more'n if He'd given her a thousand sound feet. Just hear the child now singing like a lark, and we worryin' and frettin' over her misfortune. Chirk up, daughter, and don't let us be the ones to teach her that a little wooden leg isn't the best kind of a leg there is, for I almost believe it is, leastways I love every splinter of hers."

GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

AGE AND YOUTH.

Let us closely keep together,
For we surely need each other,
Age to youth is truest brother.
If upon life's rugged journey,
Each a helping hand will lend,
Age will gain a fresher greenness,
Youth attain to more sereneness,
By a sympathetic mingling
And a rhythmic beat of heart;
Each, peculiar grace possessing,
Holds the means of truly blessing;
If with sweet and liberal spirit,
Each his treasure will impart.

—Scattered Seeds.

A SHARP PIGEON.

Cats are generally thought to possess great cunning; but no one would look for that quality in pigeons. The other day, however, I saw something in an alley-way behind our store that proved one pigeon, at least, had sufficient craft to outwit a cat.

The bird I am to speak of was busily engaged in picking up scatterings of grain, when our "tabby" came forth in a stealthy manner, peculiar to her race, and prepared to capture him, he not seeming to suspect there was a cat within five miles.

Gradually Miss Puss wriggled up to a place from which she could make her deadly spring. But just as she was going to jump, the pigeon gave a sort of a flying leap, landing some ten feet away, and then went on picking up grain, all the time not appearing to see his enemy.

Not discouraged by her first failure, kitty again went through the crawling process, until near enough for a leap, only to see the pigeon quietly hop beyond her reach and continue his dinner.

This performance was repeated several times. The bird, while not appearing to notice his pursuer, was really keeping a sharp lookout, and never allowed her to get quite near enough for a spring. At last, in his retreat, he had reached the alley's end, where there was no chance to go any farther.

"Now," thought I, "this fun must end. Mr. Pigeon will have to fly away altogether, or get caught." Pussy was evidently of the same opinion, for she approached her intended victim with even more than usual caution. But the seemingly careless bird knew his business better than either of us, and picked away as though nothing was the matter.

This time Puss actually succeeded in making her spring, and landed just where she intended to. But the pigeon wasn't there! He went into the air at exactly the right moment, and flying over the cat's head, alighted on the very spot from which she had just sprung.

Our cat had neither courage or patience to endure any more of such trifling, and with a very dejected look, disappeared through a broken cellar window, leaving Mr. Pigeon to finish his dinner at his leisure.—*New Orleans Independent.*

SOMETHING ABOUT NESTS.

Most ostriches will construct a nest with care. The cock may be seen scooping and raking up the earth industriously, and after he has a capacious hollow like a large saucer scraped out, he will call the female to look at it, and with their heads together they will hold some unreportable conversation over it. The cock is the most attentive sitter, and sits always at night. He goes upon the nest at about four or five in the afternoon and remains till about eight or nine in the morning. Each pair appear to have their own individual understanding as to the hour of changing guard, and whether it be eight or ten A. M. or three or five P. M., are usually as regular in attendance as if they knew the hour by the clock.

The care which even tame birds take to conceal the whereabouts of the nests is interesting to witness. The cock, on rising, will slowly lift his bony shanks up from among the eggs, and when they have fallen together, will step clear and make a bolt away in one direction for a few feet, then suddenly sidle off at an angle, as if jostled rudely, and again swerve abruptly in another direction. These grotesque maneuvers are evidently intended to deceive a possible spectator as to what direction the bird has come from. The female, after an interval, will come to the nest with equal sleight. After turning the eggs over, one by one, with her beak, she will sit perhaps for hours with her head stretched flat and snake-like on the ground, and her body as motionless as a mound of earth.

—E. B. Biggar.

Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture. Both if you can, but books at any rate. To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting upon luxurious chairs and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind.—*H. W. Beecher.*

FLOWER SUNDAY.

When the roses climb the bowers
Let us fill God's house with flowers;
Every lily, every rose
The Eternal Goodness shows.

—*Youth's Companion.*

UNITY.

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Contracts for advertising in UNITY can be made by applying to Messrs. Lord & Thomas, 69 Dearborn St., Chicago. Rate per line, 8 cents. Electrotypes must be on metal.

Notes from the Field.

WEIR'S LANDING.—Mr. Savage is to preach at the Grove Meeting Sunday, July 27th, and Dr. Thomas of Chicago, Sunday, August the 3d.

ATLANTA, GA.—We learn from the *Register*, where we get much of our good news, that brother Chaney has a "growing congregation of intelligent, devout and enthusiastic people."

NORTH PLATTE IN MASS.—Mrs. Cogswell has carried a section of Nebraska with her to her Lexington home. At a recent coffee party given in her own house, she netted \$80 for the North Platte mission.

ST. LOUIS.—"The Church of the Unity" has begun on a \$6,000 improvement to its buildings in the way of parlors and Sunday school rooms. The money is nearly raised within the society; the building will be completed without debt.

SNELLHURST, ENGLAND.—One of our British exchanges tells us that two lads were recently flogged in one of the national schools, in the presence of their fellow pupils, the rector and his sister-in-law, for attending services at a Non-Conformist chapel.

SWEDEN.—In 1853 it took seven and a half gallons of liquor per head to satisfy the thirst of the Swede. In 1883 three and a quarter gallons sufficed. Still a heavy dose, counting man, woman and child, but yet an advance. During these thirty years Sweden has been enacting

some stringent liquor laws. Verily something can be accomplished by vigorous legislation.

WISCONSIN.—We are hurried to press too early for reports of a delightful summer meeting of the Wisconsin Conference, and the ordination and installation of a pastor for All Souls Church, Janesville, a fuller account of which will appear in our next.

THE AMERICAN AKADEME.—The tenth meeting of this new Platonic Society was held in Jacksonville, Ill., on the 20th of May last. Fifteen new members were elected, making in all 180. The meeting was largely attended by visitors as well as the resident members. This we learn from the May number of the *Platonist*, which contains in addition Thomas Taylor's "Hymn to the Sun," further translations of "Iamblichos," an article on Socrates and Aristokles, with other matter both valuable and intelligible even to the uninitiated.

LOUISVILLE.—A correspondent of the *Register* visiting the Unitarian church at this place a few weeks ago found "a cornet played by a member of the church an attractive feature of the music, and having a surprising effect on the congregational singing." It is well known that Brother Green has in him an active conservative tendency, and we are glad to note his efforts to return to the commendable Biblical standards when "the trumpeters and singers were as one to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord."

ALTON, ILL.—This society closed its year the last of June in splendid shape. The finances for the next year are provided for, marked improvements in the church building have been accomplished during the year, the best of feeling prevails and the services of Mr. Fisher have been secured for another year. Altogether this society, though not large, can be set down as one of our strong and self-reliant parishes. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher expect to spend their vacation with friends in the East. Brother Fisher needs the rest and we trust he may return renewed and restored.

DAKOTA.—Rev. A. A. Roberts writes us: "Since my last I have visited Ipswich, Roscoe, Theodore, Cranston and LeBeau. Please repeat your request in UNITY for names of persons interested in our work, who may be living in Fargo, Deadwood, Yankton, Mitchell and Pierre." Perhaps some capitalist may be interested in the following financial exhibit: "Twelve per cent is the legal rate of in-

terest here, but the money broker avoids the charge of usury by deducting what is called a commission. I have seen sixty per cent per annum paid in advance, the note made to cover principal and interest and drawing twelve per cent after due."

VACATION NOTES.—Most of our ministerial brethren have taken to the woods or to the lakeside. Brother Utter has started for the Unitarian Mecca via Kansas City, Ohio and Kentucky. Batchelor and family have snugly concealed themselves in the heart of the Wisconsin lake country near Oconomowoc. Mr. Blake and family are to spend most of their time at that summer resort of increasing popularity known as Chicago. Brother Gordon will continue to preach to the summer boarders of Milwaukee, but will spend his week days at Oconomowoc. Elder of Keokuk has passed through our office *en route* for Massachusetts. Clute of Iowa City is to keep a Bee School, consisting of lectures and practical illustrations of theories in his Apiary.

CHICAGO.—The visit of Brooke Herford to his old friends and parish was an event that gave much joy and stimulus. On the last Sunday of June in the forenoon he occupied a pew and in the evening the pulpit of the Church of the Messiah, addressing a very large audience, which represented many churches, and a wide circle outside the church relationship.

—The Third Church closed its season on the first Sunday of July with a National service. Mr. Hosmer's service in "Unity Festivals" was followed throughout, and the Declaration of Independence and Emancipation Proclamation read by young men in the parish, and addresses were made by Messrs. Blake and Jones. Mr. Hosmer's service proved itself to be one of remarkable dignity and earnestness throughout.

HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL.—The annual meeting of the *Alumni* of this school was made memorable by the memorial service held in commemoration of Prof. Ezra Abbott, perhaps the most accomplished specialist that the school has ever produced. The chief address was delivered by his successor, Dr. Joseph H. Thayer. Prof. Thayer has been chosen to fill this position, not because his theological notions are in conformity with those of the management or because he is expected to throw his influence in the direction of some favored line of thought, but because of his preëminent scholarship in the particular department which

he is called upon to teach. As long as the faculty is committed to truthseeking and not to dogma teaching, this school will continue to grow in confidence, numbers and inspiration. In its impartiality will be found its greatest fitness to prepare young men, we wish we might say young women also, for the Unitarian ministry.

SCANDINAVIAN HUMOR.—Kristofer Janson writes: "My greatest merriment of late, has been concerning a little article in a Norwegian newspaper about my last published pamphlet, 'The Glad Tidings of the Orthodox and the Liberal.' The article is as follows:

To the Norwegian Lutheran ministers:

In *Budstikken* No. 43 there is printed a Christmas sermon by Kristofer Janson. Such an abominable, blasphemous product I hadly saw, except *The New Time*.^{*} Should it not be the duty of some of you to write to the Norwegian papers against such a blasphemy? Cry aloud and spare not, because the salvation of many dear-bought souls are at stake.

Ministers of the gospel! Read this Christmas sermon and see if it be a lie that I tell you. Judge for yourselves, if that can be called a Christmas sermon. That is a production of hell, which is worse than any free-thinker paper, for everybody can see what that is, but not so with Mr. Janson's products, because he uses God's word as a false pretext. Therefore priests, awaken! stand up against such a doctrine. Speak, write, do all you can, for the time is short, and there are many souls who are on the way to be deceived for their salvation under Mr. Janson's guidance.

Faribault, Minn., June 13, 1884.

^{*}A Socialistic paper in Chicago.

To all this Mr. Janson coolly remarks: "I will reprint this excellent piece in my paper here and tell people that they can get this blasphemous product for five cents; then it will be a good advertisement. You see I am fully Americanized so far."

Announcements.

TO THE CHURCHES OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

It becomes my duty and pleasure to inform you that Rev. J. T. Sunderland has accepted the position of Secretary of your Conference to which he was called at the annual meeting in Chicago last May, and that he will enter upon his duties September 1st, after which time all official correspondence connected with this office will be addressed to him. In announcing my successor I cannot forego the pleasure of once more thanking you

most heartily for the sympathy, encouragement and support you have given me while for nearly ten years I have tried to serve you as missionary and organizing servant. The work has been difficult, perplexing, fatiguing and necessarily full of disappointments, but I shall ever be grateful that I have had the opportunity of engaging in it. The remainder of my life will be filled with many tender reminiscences and precious inspirations gathered therefrom. May I beg of you to give to my successor all the coöperation you have given me, and much more. The most decisive encouragement that lies in your power to give to this work is to pay promptly and generously your annual contributions into our treasury. Your past should be no measure of your future in this respect. Do not allow our work to lag and dwindle for want of promptness here. Send at least your apportionments to the Treasurer, Joseph Shippen, Esq., 59 Portland Block, Chicago, as early in September as possible. If for any reason the money cannot be forthcoming at that time, please inform him of the date it may be expected.

Friends, our work has but just begun. Our opportunity is so great that we are bound by solemn obligations. Trusting that I may still continue to be a fellow-worker with yourself for FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION,

I am Fraternally Yours,

JENK. LL. JONES,

Retiring Sec'y W. U. C.

135 Wabash Ave., Chicago, July 6, 1884.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY CONFERENCE.

The third Biennial Meeting of the Women's Auxiliary Conference will be held at Saratoga, in September. The business meeting is hereby called for Wednesday, September 24, at 3 o'clock P. M.; and, by invitation of the Council of the National Conference, there will be a public meeting on the evening of Thursday, September 25.

At the business meeting, reports for the past two years will be presented, and officers will be chosen. All members of the Conference and delegates from branches are entitled to vote, and all women interested in the work of the association are cordially invited to be present.

It is earnestly hoped that these meetings will greatly stimulate the women of the denomination to increased activity, and in many ways advance their work. Enough has been accomplished in the past four years to prove the value of our

Conference; and the boundless field for work that lies open before us should be argument and incentive to every woman in our fellowship to do what lies in her power to strengthen the foundations of our faith and to extend its blessings to all who need.

For the Directors,

ABBY W. MAY, *President*.

J. I. W. THACHER, *Secretary*.

Boston, June 25, 1884.

UNITARIAN GROVE MEETING.

The open air meetings at Weirs, N. H., on the shore of Lake Winnipiseogee, to be held July 27 to August 3, inclusive, promises to be more than ordinarily pleasant and profitable. For all desired information regarding the meeting, address the Secretary, Rev. J. B. Morrison, Lancaster, N. H.

The following is the daily program of discourses and conferences as far as perfected at this date:

Sunday, July 27 A. M.—Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston; *P. M.*—Rev. E. F. Hayward of Boston.

Monday, July 28, P. M.—Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke of Newton, Mass.

Tuesday, July 29, A. M.—Rev. Fielder Israel of Salem, Mass; *P. M.*—Rev. Sylvan S. Hunting of Des Moines, Ia.

Wednesday, July 30, A. M.—Rev. Thomas E. St. John of Haverhill, Mass. *P. M.*—Rev. Hiram P. Collier of Hingham, Mass.

Thursday, July 31.—Laymen's Day: Papers and addresses. Several distinguished laymen have promised their services, and the list will soon be announced.

Friday, August 1.—Women's Day. *A. M.*—Paper by Mrs. A. M. Diaz, with addresses by Sarah E. Sherman, M. D., Mrs. Frances A. Blanchard and others, *P. M.*—Discourse by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

Saturday, August 2, A. M.—General Conference, led by Rev. Wm. P. Tilden, of Boston.

Sunday, August 3, A. M.—Rev. H. W. Thomas of Chicago. *P. M.*—Rev. H. Bernard Carpenter of Boston.

In addition to this list, essays will be read on several evenings by prominent writers; and following all the discourses and papers, opportunity will be presented for conference and discussion.

Many prominent laymen and clergymen, including the New Hampshire ministers, whose names are not given, have promised to share in the services of the week.

UNITY, Vol. XIII.

FOR

Freedom, Fellowship and Character
in Religion.

With the first of March UNITY enters upon its
Seventh Year.

Its aims will remain unchanged except so far as its purposes have been intensified and deepened by its six years experience.

The management will remain in the hands of the same Editorial Committee that has directed its infant steps thus far.

During the last year our publishers, through the effective work of Mr. Chas. H. Kerr, our Business Agent, have been enabled greatly to improve the practical affairs of our little paper.

The number of those who speak through UNITY columns as editorial or occasional contributors, has also increased.

As an indication of our prospective force we can do no better than to offer a partial list of those who during the last year have lent willing hands and with whose help and that of our subscribers we expect to continue in nursing our infant into a more useful maturity.

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CHICAGO.

Jocoseria.

"Suppose that we part (work done comes play)
With"—

An Accommodating Editor.
New York Independent.

Edith asks: "Will you please send me a receipt for a nice home-made pie?" Yes, Edith, we will send the receipt in the very first mail after we receive the pie.

He Knew Her Order.
Philadelphia Call.

Waiter—"What will you have, miss?"

Customer (looking over the restaurant bill of fare)—"Permit me to cogitate. In the correlation of forces it is a recognized property of atomic—"

Waiter (shouts across the hall to head server)—"Baked beans for one."

An Argument from Design.
Prof. Thayer's Western Journey with Mr. Emerson.

"At breakfast we had, among other things, pie. This article at breakfast was one of Mr. Emerson's weaknesses. A pie stood before him now. He offered to help somebody from it, who declined; and then one or two others, who also declined; and then Mr. —; he too declined. 'But, Mr. —!' Mr. Emerson remonstrated, with humorous emphasis, thrusting the knife under a piece of the pie, and putting the entire weight of his character in his manner, 'but, Mr. —, what is pie for?'"

What They Live On.
Merchant Traveler.

"Gracious me!" said a young lady of the slums committee, going into a room on the fourth floor of a miserable tenement, "this is awful."

"Fearful," responded her companion. "Why here's a mother and five children, all cooped up together in a little room with not even the necessities of life."

"Terrible, terrible. I don't see what the poor things live on."

"I do," said the man carrying the basket; "they live on the fourth floor."

The young ladies dispensed their charities in silence and then reported the man to the police.

The Nearest He Ever Came.
Every Other Saturday.

Thirty years ago, says James Freeman Clarke, I tried the new method of pronouncing Latin. I was traveling in Italy. My wife, happening to see a priest pass by, asked me the meaning of the tonsure. At that moment, not recollecting its significance, I said, "I don't know; but there is a priest, and I will ask him." Not knowing Italian then, I first constructed a Latin sentence. I thought I had made it very well, and then I put it exactly, as I imagined, into the Italian pronunciation, got it ready to say, and then went to him and said it. "Eh! Che dite?" he asked. I repeated it again. "Ah," said he, "I understand. Here, take this man to a confessor. He wants to confess his sins." This was as near as I ever came to the continental pronunciation of Latin; and I have never tried it since.

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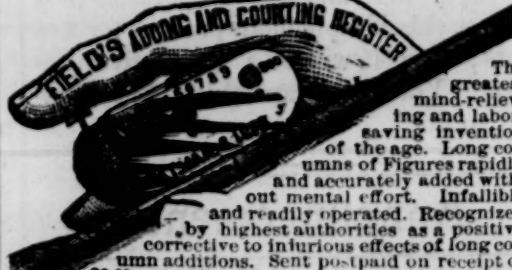
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